

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 596.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.



Statue of Heriot, within the Quadrangle.



Monogram of the name GEORGE HERIOT,
on a Chimney-piece.

Vol. XXI.

N

P. 16. VIII - 100.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

GEORGE HERIOT was the eldest son of a goldsmith of the same name: he was born in June, 1563, and followed the business of his father, in Edinburgh—one, at that period, peculiarly lucrative. By a writ of Privy Seal, he was confirmed in the appointment to the office of Goldsmith to Anne of Denmark, the young and beautiful queen of James VI., shortly after which he was made jeweller and goldsmith to the king. At the union of the Crowns, Heriot followed the Court to London, where he realized an immense fortune. Having no children, he disposed of it, after liberally providing for his numerous relatives, friends, and servants, for the purpose of founding and endowing an Hospital in Edinburgh, as the founder expresses it in his last disposition and assignation, "*for the honour and due regard which I have and bear to my native soil, and mother city of Edinburgh foresaid, and in imitation of the public, pious, and religious work founded in the city of London, called Christ's Hospital.*" * * * "*for the edification, nourishing, and upbringing of youth, being poor orphans and fatherless children of decayed burghesses and freemen of said burgh.*"

After liquidating the various legacies, the balance in the hands of the magistrates of Edinburgh, amounting to the sum of 23,625*l.*, was in part applied to carry into effect the pious injunction of Heriot. The present magnificent structure, agreeably to a plan attributed to the celebrated Inigo Jones, was begun; but many difficulties impeded the progress of its completion. The great national troubles of that period stopped the payment of its revenues in 1639; and Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, converted it into an hospital for the sick and wounded of his army. When finished, the building cost 30,000*l.* sterling; and it forms one of the noblest public ornaments of the city of Edinburgh. The judicious management of the funds of the hospital enabled its early patrons to expend this large sum on it.

On the 11th of April, 1659, thirty boys were admitted; in August next, they were increased to forty; and in 1661, to fifty-two. The establishment now contains one hundred and eighty boys.

In the year 1681, a circumstance happened, of a political nature, in which the urchins of the institution acted a part which gained them some notoriety. It is known that at this time an oppressive test, inconsistent with the spirit of established liberty and religion of the land, was imposed upon all persons who held or enjoyed public offices. The absurd reasoning of the crown lawyers became the subject of merriment to the town; and the boys of the hospital resolving to act upon the sage precedent, voted that the dog

which guarded the outer gate possessed a "public office," and that he ought to take the test, or be turned out of office. A printed copy of the oath was therefore tendered to this sagacious functionary, who, after carefully smelling, refused to take it, till it was rubbed over with butter. But, as he only extracted that which was agreeable to himself, he was condemned as a traitor: a farcical comment on the proceedings against the brave Earl of Argyll, who accepted the oath only "in so far as it was consistent with the Protestant religion," and who was prosecuted for not receiving the same unreservedly.

In accordance with the original idea of Heriot, the system of education in the hospital was at first neither of a learned nor elegant description. The boys are now taught, by most approved teachers, English, Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the first principles of natural science and of mechanical philosophy, the elements of English composition, and the higher branches of religious instruction. Not only is every method adopted to qualify the pupils for their future professions, but the paternal care of the institution provides for them when they leave it. Each boy has an allowance of 50*l.* as an apprentice fee, and 5*l.* on finishing his servitude. Those who desire to follow the learned professions are placed at the University, and are allowed 30*l.* per annum for four years—the usual curriculum for obtaining the degree of M.A.

George Heriot's Hospital is a singular example of the mixed Italian style of architecture, as first introduced into Great Britain. When the Reformation occasioned the destruction of the greater part of the churches throughout the country, the architects of that period avoided producing such designs for their buildings as would excite the least possible apprehension in the minds of the people of Roman Catholic ornament. The splendid building of English architecture had given way during Elizabeth's reign, to the more debased style of square paneled and mullioned windows, and wooden paneled roofs; but in the reign of James I. the Italian style was introduced,—at first, only in columns of doors and other small parts, and afterwards in larger portions; though still the general style was debased English. Either public taste had demanded it, or the architects had been unable to divest themselves of loading their buildings with those ornaments, abounding in grotesque and puerile conceits, so characteristic of the latest English style. Sir Christopher Wren put an end to this debasement, by his classical erections.

Heriot's Hospital has an abundant share of these fantastic devices; but, as a whole, no edifice of this style has more magnificence. It is built in the form of a quadrangle, enclosing a spacious court. The north front is three stories in height, and has a fine,

square tower, surmounted by a lantern. Square towers ornament the four angles of the building. The interior court is 92 feet square, and has a piazza on the east and north sides; the chapel is on the south, occupying the whole side of that part of the building. The statue of the founder is over the gate entrance to the court, on the north side.

The infinite variety of ornament throughout the building precludes a detailed description. We shall confine ourselves to the north door, which occupies the whole breadth of the central tower. Two Doric pillars, raised on a massive pedestal, on each side of the door, support an entablature, the cornice of which is about 16 feet high. The frieze is enriched with ornaments, illustrating the origin and purposes of the institution. Small and richly-carved obelisks surmount the cornice above the pillars. An arched recess over the door contains the armorial bearings of the founder, viz.—argent, a mullet, placed below a fess, azure, charged with three roses of the first, pointed, proper; crest, a cornucopia; motto, *EXPENDO*. Below the arms is the following inscription:—

INSIGNIA
GEORGI HERIOTI
FUNDATORIS
PIETAS LIGAT ASTRA TERRIS.

The recess is flanked by Corinthian columns, with spiral flutings. The cornice is surmounted by a tablet, with the initials G. H.; on which are seated two cherubim, supporting a pedestal crowned with the figure of a boy working on an anvil.

The beautiful entrance to the chapel is seen through the archway which leads to the court.

On entering the interior, the object which first demands attention is the statue of the founder, above the piazza on the north side: the broad, ruff, richly-embroidered cloak and vest, and roses on the shoes, convey a lively idea of the picturesque dress of the wealthy in James VI.'s time. It is placed in an arched recess, with an elegant composition of the Corinthian order. On the frieze is inscribed—

CORPORIS HÆC, ANIMA EST HOC OPUS
EFFIGIES.

Scotland has produced few individuals better entitled to the gratitude of posterity than George Heriot. Of his private life, few particulars have descended to us; but the benefit which many generations have derived from his pious munificence, is a proud monument to his memory; while his name is enrolled among those who have been distinguished as the greatest benefactors of their country.

"To the Memory of George Heriot."

It has been the practice, for the last one hundred and fifty years, on the first Monday in the month of June, to decorate the statue of the founder in a most beautiful manner

N 2

with flowers. On the same day a sermon is preached in the church of Old Grey Friars, before the lord provost and magistrates, and the four principal charities of Edinburgh; after which, in the great hall of Heriot's Hospital, a dinner is served up to the boys, and wine is supplied to each, to drink "to the memory of George Heriot!" It affords a most gratifying spectacle; and with grateful veneration, each boy aspirates the name of his pious benefactor. The following effusion is by one who has been blessed by his bounty:—

Oh! when I remember of the days—my days of
youthful glee,
It wakes the morning of my soul, like sun-light on
the sea;
The sea may heave, and agony swell surge-like in the
breast,
But, joy will gild, like trails of light, that linger in
the west.
But, oh! the crimson flood which flows from cups of
costly wine,
The tide which laves this breast, with joy shall all
incarnadine;
Whilst cup there is, and wine to fill, its stream, all
red and free,
Is poured and pledged, George Heriot! in memory
of thee.

'Tis not the rude and bacchanal quaff the waassail
drunkard takes,
But like the draught of ancient Nile, when thirsty
Egypt slakes
His burning sides;—and, oh! to me, like that all
grateful stream,
In verdure clad the parched expanse of memory's
fevered dream.

The day-star of my hope seems set, in dull and end-
less night—
The gleam that in the horizon wastes is but the
sickly light,
Which pales around the coffin lid, and deepens yet
the gloom
Which curtains in its sable folds, the tenant of the
tomb.

'Tis past!—the dream is off my soul, and thoughts
my memory lave,
Pure as the daisy flower which springs upon a
maiden's grave:
Green as the sod which presses close the slumbering
virgin's pride—
Deep as the brinkless ocean's flow, as boundless, and
as wide.

Not on the welkins ear doth break in solitude this
voice—
A hundred tongues there are which speak—a hun-
dred hearts rejoice:
A hundred hands erect the pledge, the ruby wine and
free,
And bless his pious name, and drink "George Heriot's
memory!"

HENRY EDGERLY INNES.

Fac simile of the Autograph of Heriot.

George Heriot

The Public Journals.

LORD BYRON.

(From *Lady Blessington's Conversations*.)

Moore.

"I NEVER spent an hour with Moore (said Byron) without being ready to apply to him the expression attributed to Aristophanes, 'you have spoken roses;' his thoughts and expressions have all the beauty and freshness of those flowers, but the piquancy of his wit, and the readiness of his repartees, prevent one's ear being cloyed by too much sweets, and one cannot 'die of a rose in aromatic pain' with Moore, though he does speak roses, there is such an endless variety in his conversation. Moore is the only poet I know (continued Byron) whose conversation equals his writings; he comes into society with a mind as fresh and buoyant as if he had not expended such a multiplicity of thoughts on paper; and leaves behind him an impression that he possesses an inexhaustible mine equally brilliant as the specimens he has given us. Will you, after this frank confession of my opinion of your countryman, ever accuse me of injustice again? You see I can render justice when I am not forced into its opposite extreme by hearing people overpraised, which always awakes the sleeping devil in my nature, as witness the desperate attack I gave your friend Lord — the other day, merely because you all wanted to make me believe he was a model, which he is not; though I admit he is not *all* or *half* that which I accused him of being. Had you dispraised, probably I should have defended him."

"I will give you some stanzas I wrote yesterday (said Byron); they are as simple as even Wordsworth himself could write, and would do for music."

The following are the lines:—

TO ———.

"But once I dared to lift my eyes—
To lift my eyes to thee;
And since that day, beneath the skies,
No other sight they see.
In vain sleep shuts them in the night—
The night grows day to me;
Presenting idly to my sight
What still a dream must be.
A fatal dream—for many a bar
Divides thy fate from mine;
And still my passions wake and war,
But peace be still with thine."

"No one writes songs like Moore (said Byron). Sentiment and imagination are joined to the most harmonious versification, and I know no greater treat than to hear him sing his own compositions; the powerful expression he gives to them, and the pathos of the tones of his voice, tend to produce an effect on my feelings that no other songs, or singer, ever could."

Taste.

One of the strangest anomalies in Byron, was the exquisite taste displayed in his descriptive poetry, and the total want of it that was so visible in his modes of life. Fine scenery seemed to produce little effect on his feelings, though his descriptions are so glowing, and the elegancies and comforts of refined life he appeared to as little understand as value. This last did not arise from a contempt of them, as might be imagined, but from an ignorance of what constituted them; I have seen him apparently delighted with the luxurious inventions in furniture, equipages, plate, &c. common to all persons of a certain station or fortune, and yet after an inquiry as to their prices, an inquiry so seldom made by persons of his rank, shrink back alarmed at the thought of the expense, though there was nothing alarming in it, and congratulate himself that he had no such luxuries, or did not require them. I should say that a bad and vulgar taste predominated in all Byron's equipments, whether in dress or in furniture. I saw his bed at Genoa, when I passed through in 1826, and it certainly was the most gaudily vulgar thing I ever saw; the curtains in the worst taste, and the cornice having his family motto of "Crede Byron" surmounted by baronial coronets. His carriages and his liveries were in the same bad taste, having an affectation of finery, but *mesquin* in the details, and tawdry in the *ensemble*; and it was evident that he piqued himself on them, by the complacency with which they were referred to. These trifles are touched upon, as being characteristic of the man, and would have been passed by, as unworthy of notice, had he not shown that they occupied a considerable portion of his attention. He has even asked us if they were not rich and handsome, and then remarked that no wonder they were so, as they cost him a great deal of money. At such moments it was difficult to remember that one was speaking to the author of *Childe Harold*.

Literary Fame.

"A successful work (said Byron) makes a man a wretch for life: it engenders in him a thirst for notoriety and praise, that precludes the possibility of repose; this spurs him on to attempt others, which are always expected to be superior to the first; hence arise disappointment, as expectation being too much excited is rarely gratified, and in the present day, one failure is placed as a counterbalance to fifty successful efforts. Voltaire was right (continued Byron) when he said that the fate of a literary man resembled that of the flying fish; if he dives in the water the fish devour him, and if he rises in the air he is attacked by the birds. Voltaire (continued Byron) had personal experience of the persecution a successful author must undergo; but

malgré all this, he continued to keep alive the sensation he had excited in the literary world, and while at Ferney, thought only of astonishing Paris. Montesquieu has said 'that *moins on pense plus on parle*.' Voltaire was a proof, indeed I have known many (said Byron), of the falseness of this observation, for who ever wrote or talked as much as Voltaire? But Montesquieu, when he wrote his remark, thought not of literary men; he was thinking of the *bavards* of society, who certainly think less and talk more than all others. I was once very much amused (said Byron) by overhearing the conversation of two country ladies, in company with a celebrated author, who happened to be that evening very taciturn: one remarked to the other, how strange it was that a person reckoned so clever, should be so silent; and the other answered, Oh! he has nothing left to say, he has sold all his thoughts to his publishers. This you will allow was a philosophical way of explaining the silence of an author.

Lady Byron.

"I have often thought of writing a book to be filled with all the charges brought against me in England (said Byron); it would make an interesting folio, with my notes, and might serve posterity as a proof of the charity, good-nature, and candour of Christian England in the nineteenth century. Our laws are bound to think a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but our English society condemn him before trial, which is a summary proceeding that saves trouble.

"However, I must say (continued Byron), that it is only those to whom any superiority is accorded that are prejudged or treated with undue severity in London, for mediocrity meets with the utmost indulgence, on the principle of sympathy, 'a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind.' The moment my wife left me, I was assailed by all the falsehoods that malice could invent or slander publish; how many wives have since left their husbands, and husbands their wives, without either of the parties being blackened by defamation, the public having the sense to perceive that a husband and wife's living together or separate can only concern the parties, or their immediate families: but in my case, no sooner did Lady Byron take herself off than my character went off, or rather was carried off, not by force of arms, but by force of tongues and pens too: and there was no crime too dark to be attributed to me by the moral English, to account for so very common an occurrence as a separation in high life. I was thought a devil, because Lady Byron was allowed to be an angel; and that it formed a pretty antithesis, *mais hélas!* there are neither angels nor devils on earth, though some of one's ac-

quaintance might tempt one into the belief of the existence of the latter. After twenty, it is difficult to believe in that of the former, though the *first* and *last* object of one's affection have some of its attributes. Imagination (said Byron) resembles hope—when unclouded, it gilds all that it touches with its own bright hue; mine makes me see beauty wherever youth and health have impressed their stamp; and after all I am not very far from the goddess, when I am with her hand-maids, for such they certainly are. Sentimentalists may despise 'buxom health, with rosy hue,' which has something dairy-maid like, I confess, in the sound, (continued he)—for buxom, however one may like the reality, is not euphonious, but I have the association of plumpness, rosy hue, good spirits, and good humour, all brought before me in the homely phrase; and all these united give me a better idea of beauty than lanky languor, sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, and bad health, and bad humour, which are synonymous, making to-morrow cheerless as to-day. Then see some of our fine ladies, whose nerves are more active than their brains, who talk sentiment, and ask you to 'administer to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' when it is the body that is diseased, and the rooted sorrow is some chronic malady; these, I own (continued Byron), alarm me, and a delicate woman, however prettily it may sound, harrows up my feelings with a host of shadowy ills to come, of vapours, hysterics, nerves, migraines, intermitting fevers, and all the ills that wait upon poor *weak* women, who, when sickly, are generally weak in more senses than one. The best dower a woman can bring is health and good humour; the latter, whatever we may say of the triumphs of mind, depends on the former, as, according to the old poem

'Temper ever waits on health.
As luxury depends on wealth.'

But mind, (said Byron) when I object to delicate women, that is to say, to women of delicate health, *alias* sickly, I don't mean to say that I like coarse, fat ladies, *à la Rubens*, whose minds must be impenetrable, from the mass of matter in which they are incased. No! I like an active and healthy mind, in an active and healthy person, each extending its beneficial influence over the other, and maintaining their equilibrium, the body illumined by the light within, but that light not let out by any 'chinks made by time;' in short, I like, as who does not, (continued Byron,) a handsome, healthy woman, with an intelligent and intelligible mind, who can do something more than what is said a French woman can only do, *habille, babillo, and dishabile*, who is not obliged to have recourse to dress, shopping and visits to get through a day, and soirées, operas, and flirting to pass an evening. You see, I am moderate in my

desires; I only wish for perfection.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

"Florence, Jan. 20."

"DEAR LADY * * *

"Do not you already begin to repent that you commanded me to write to you on my return to Italy? I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. Of the country you know as much as I do—people who paid more attention to it have described it better than I could. In passing I saw Waterloo—an ugly table for an ugly game, played badly both by loser and winner. At Innsbruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight tens against thousands—they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder—therefore they are heroes! My admiration of these works of art was soon satisfied,—which, perhaps, it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro—I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine)—the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the only great man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciuszko. By the order of Bonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumb-screwed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian, who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them,—most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them—when, stopping on the ground which was about to

* We need scarcely say that we have the eminent writer's permission to publish this letter.—*Ed. New Monthly Magazine.*

receive his blood, they heard him, with unfaltering voice, commend his soul and his country to the Creator,—and, as if still under his own roof, a custom with him after the evening prayer, implore a blessing for his boys and little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood,—finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer,—many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Bonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as, indeed, of all his atrocities, the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity—he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

"Believe me,

"Dear Lady * * *

"Your very obliged and obedient servant,

"WALTER S. LANDOR."

Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

MR. BURFORD has completed a skilful representation of this memorable event of last year. This is, indeed, chronicling the times on canvass. "The view was taken from a slight eminence in the rear of the breaching-battery, on the last morning of the siege, shortly before the firing ceased. The battery, of course, occupies the immediate foreground, directly in front of which is the bastion Toledo, with the breach, as it then appeared; to the left is the dismantled Lunette St. Laurent, and the counter battery; to the right the fortress Montebello, and the fortifications of the city, above which the tower of the cathedral, the steeples of the churches, and the summits of some of the highest buildings have a picturesque effect. Behind, the ground is covered with the batteries, parallels, trenches, and other works of the

French
exten-

Bat-
ramic
loo pr
now
not,
gager
riads,
by the
der.
chiev
a com
obtain
werp,
Panor
are so
runnin
fall ve
Burfor
by the
war,
great,
of mu
hole o
nuitie
entrap
mecha
Alas!
any sp

The
with d
The b
which
succes
be exp
The b
beauti
beneat
execut
artiller
and l
intrep
nette
spirits
woman
crossed
fire of
provis
Valen
medal
annun
as any

In the
the sq
variety
don m
ing fr
shop i
squire

French, beyond which is seen a considerable extent of country."

Battle scenes are well adapted for panoramic representation, as the *Battle of Waterloo* proved a few years since, on the walls that now present us with *Antwerp*. The latter is not, however, like the former, a red-hot engagement, and the battle had fighting myriads, whose place is supplied in the siege, by the more summary stratagems of gunpowder. Indeed, a red-hot siege would be unachievable on canvass; but we are assured by a competent judge, that the civilian cannot obtain a better idea of the operations at Antwerp, than by a visit to Mr. Burford's Panorama. The written accounts of sieges are so sprinkled with technicalities which few running readers can understand, and plans fall very short of pictures. Here, in Mr. Burford's amphitheatre, you stand environed by the busy destruction, the wanton waste, of war, and see the very earth torn up by the great, unapproachable agent in the mystery of murder. You look as through "a loophole of retreat" upon the exhaustless ingenuities and the wholesale cruelties of man to entrap and annihilate his fellow-men with mechanical murder, and scientific slaughter. Alas! it presents a vast and varied scene for any spectator of ordinary reflective capacity.

The Panorama appears carefully painted, with disregard of glaring or improper effect. The bastion Toledo is the grand point, upon which the artist has laboured with most success. It is woefully war-worn, as might be expected from the fire of 63,000 projectiles. The bridge of approach, half destroyed, is a beautiful bit for the painter. Immediately beneath the point of view are some well executed episodes of war—as the explosion of artillery-wagons—dead and wounded groups, and Marshal Gerard and his staff. The intrepid *vivandière*, or sutler-woman, Antoinette Moran is seen pouring out a glass of spirits for the firing party: this extraordinary woman, during the attack on St Laurent, crossed the fosse on a raft, exposed to the fire of the enemy, to supply the miners with provisions; she was presented to the king at Valenciennes, when she received a gold medal, and a pension of 250 francs per annum, which we take to be as just an item as any of the pension list.

The Naturalist.

SQUIRRELS.

In the north of Hampshire a great portion of the squirrels have white tails. None of this variety, as far as I can learn, reach the London market. I was much surprised at hearing from a man who kept a bird and cage shop in London, that not less than 20,000 squirrels are annually sold there for the *menus*

plaisirs of cockneys, part of which come from France, but the greater number are brought in by labourers to Newgate and Leadenhall markets, where any morning during the season 400 or 500 might be bought. He said that he himself sold annually about 700: and he added, that about once in seven years the breed of squirrels entirely fails, but that in other seasons they are generally prolific. The subject was introduced by his answering to a woman, who came in to buy a squirrel, that he had not had one that season, but before that time in the last season he had sold 500. It appears that the mere manufacture of squirrel cages for Londoners is no small concern.—*Field Naturalists' Magazine*.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.

In the month of June I had in a flower-pot a bunch of sweet-williams, of a dark crimson, forming part of a nosegay. They stood in a flower-pot on the mantelpiece. Some of the buds opened in this situation, and displayed a white flower, slightly spotted with pale pink. There was a window next the mantelpiece, and though there was considerable light, it appears there was not sufficient to perfect the colour. I can assign no other reason for this phenomenon, which seems to prove the effect of the light on the colour of flowers, unless we can suppose that the plant, when in the ground, imbibes from the earth certain mineral or metallic particles in peculiar chemical combination, which may, by circulating through the fine tissues of the corolla, serve to give colour by reflection of certain rays of light to the eye of the observer according to the theory of colours.—*Field Naturalists' Magazine*.

DECAY OF LEAVES.

REFLECTIVE READER, did it ever occur to you to inquire what becomes of the thousands of leaves that may be seen eddying to the ground during a gusty day in autumn? The fall of the leaf is so common an incident of the changes of Nature, that it may not have arrested your attention so powerfully as would a more rare occurrence; yet, as we have elsewhere observed, "throughout nature there is not a more sublime and simple lesson to mankind, than the fall of the sere and yellow leaf." Remember the golden tints and gorgeous hues of an autumnal landscape—the busy rustle of the wind through the shrubby-walk, and the eddying whirl of the withered leaf—its progress from and to earth—its changes, flutterings, and decay, are not lost to the contemplatist. Johnson was fond of quoting the following passage from Pope's *Homer*, illustrative of the melancholy of changeable nature:—

Like leaves on trees, the race of Man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following Spring supplies:

So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are passed away.

Burns has an exquisite poetico-prosaic passage on a kindred scene. "There is," says he, "scarcely any earthly object that gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me, than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy, winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, "walks on the wings of the wind." Hear this, ye traducers of Scotland's Poet of Nature.

Let us briefly examine a few of the causes and effects in this impressive scene of change. Why are not all leaves of the same shade? Because the structure of the membranes varies in the several plants, as does the degree of oxygenation, (or acidification,) which has been produced on their constituent substances; and this variety is no less remarkable than constant in different species. Cowper has sung these characteristics:—

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its peculiar hue; paler some,
And of a warmish grey; the Willow such,
And Poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And Ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green, the Elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving Oak.
Some glossy leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The Maple, and the Beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the Lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours; not unnoted pass
The Sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

Of late years, this beautiful autumnal colouring has been traced to the following causes: 1. That all coloured parts of vegetables contain a peculiar substance, (the chromule,) capable of changing colour by slight modifications. 2. That to the fixation of oxygen, and to a sort of acidification of the chromule, the autumnal change of the colour of leaves is owing.

The cause of the fall of the leaf is referred to a separation either in the footstalk, or more usually at its base, when the dying part quits the vigorous one, which is aided by the weight of the leaf itself, or the wind that blows in autumn on its more expanded form. We know that cold is generally thought to be the principal cause of the fall of the leaf, from the change taking place at the approach of winter. "It is, however," says M. Ricard, "much more natural to attribute it to the cessation of vegetation, and the want of nourishment which the leaves experience at that season, when the course of the sap is inter-

rupted. The vessels of the leaf contract, dry up, and soon after, that organ is detached from the twig on which it had been developed." Again, the different periods at which leaves fall are as clearly accounted for. Those which fall very early, as the maple and horse-chestnut, are not united to the branch by the whole of their base, but are simply fixed to it by a kind of contraction, or joint. As if to compensate for this early decay, such leaves are among the earliest expanded; though, this rule has some exceptions; for the leaves of the alder appear early, and are late in falling; whilst the common ash leaves are late in coming out, and fall at the end of summer. Again, the oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, retain their leaves late in autumn from the life of the twigs on which they grow, being not sufficiently vigorous to throw them off after the brown colour indicates that they are dead; whilst other leaves remain on trees as long as the branch, from their being so united to the stem, as to be separated only by tearing.

The decomposition or decay of leaves remains to be explained. Yet, the agents by which this is effected are so numerous, that we can only admit two instances—in the elm and the laurel. The leaf of the elm, in autumn, may commonly be observed marked with dark-coloured blotches, which are the "plague spots" of its destruction. "These leaves," observes a naturalist, "remain in large proportions uninjured through the winter months; but, when spring arrives, the spots become matured, the surface cracks, and the capsules beneath discharge their seeds. At these spots, (which are, in truth, a species of fungi,) the decay of the leaf generally commences." By aid of the microscope, we witness this interesting phenomenon, as shown in the cuts, A representing a portion of the enlarged, and the epidermis, or cuticle parting; while the succeeding cut, B, shows the opening portion of the

with the capsules enlarged. The cuticle, therefore, holds the seed in the capsules till the "appointed time:" this cuticle is the surface of the vegetable as the scarf-skin is that of the animal body, alike protecting both from the injuries of the air, and allowing of due absorption and perspiration through its pores.* It is beautifully delicate, yet, as Paley observes, "if seeds were more strongly guarded than they are, their greater security would

* The fine skin raised by a blistering plaster, is, perhaps, the most familiar illustration of an animal cuticle.



Elm Leaf



Elm Leaf.

interfer
are the
the fru
to Bud
tree, o
be ra

The
stance
agents
netrab
This,
but th
by a s
face,
small,
sules,

the o
what
appea
time,

To
plete,
the l
come

[W
gine

Al
His
moon
red e
shad
arose
ing
priso
of th
find
some
mak
Cau
to er
clam
the i
fane
thro
the g
the c

A
his c
deser

interfere with other uses." How admirably are the means suited to the end; for, such is the fructification of the elm, that, according to Buffon, "from the seeds of a single elm-tree, one hundred thousand young elms may be raised from the product of one year."

The laurel affords another remarkable instance. Its leaves long resist the common agents of dissolution, by means of the impenetrable varnish that is spread over them. This, however, wears off, and they too decay; but their destruction is frequently accelerated by a small excrescence which breaks the surface, and admits moisture. It appears as a small, black speck, which contains the capsules, and these, when ripe, discharge from



(Laurel Leaf.)

the centre, a yellow fructifying powder;—what is not the least remarkable, the speck appears on each side of the leaf at the same time, and is therefore called two-fronted.

To conclude, the fructification being complete, the vegetable body resolves itself into the kindred earth, and, in due season, becomes an element of the future plant.

New Books.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY.

(Concluded from page 176.)

[We left Alroy, as his Kourdish captors imagined, secure for the night, but he escapes.]

Pilgrimage in the Desert.

Alroy woke about two hours after midnight. His companions were in deep slumber. The moon had set, the fire had died away, a few red embers alone remaining; dark masses of shadow hung about the amphitheatre. He arose and cautiously stepped over the sleeping bandits. He was not, in strictness, a prisoner; but who could trust to the caprice of these lawless men? To-morrow might find him their slave, or their companion in some marauding expedition, which might make him almost retrace his steps to the Caucasus or to Hamadan. The temptation to ensure his freedom was irresistible. He clambered up the ruined wall, descended into the intricate windings that led to the Ionic fane, that served him as a beacon, hurried through the silent and starry streets, gained the great portal, and rushed once more into the desert.

The Mirage.

A vague fear of pursuit made him continue his course many hours without resting. The desert again became sandy, the heat increased.

The breeze that plays about the wilderness, and in early spring is often scented with the wild fragrance of aromatic plants, sank away. A lurid brightness suffused the heavens. An appalling stillness pervaded nature; even the insects were silent. For the first time in his pilgrimage, a feeling of deep despondency fell over the soul of Alroy. His energy appeared suddenly to have deserted him. A low hot wind began to rise, and fan his cheek with pestiferous kisses, and enervate his frame with its poisonous embrace. His head and limbs ached with a dull sensation, more terrible than pain; his sight was dizzy, his tongue swollen. Vainly he looked around for aid, vainly he extended his forlorn arms, and wrung them to the remorseless heaven. Almost frantic with thirst, the boundless horizon of the desert disappeared, and the unhappy victim, in the midst of his torture, found himself apparently surrounded by bright and running streams, the fleeting waters of the false Mirage!

The sun became blood-red, the sky darker, the sand rose in fierce eddies, the moaning wind burst into shrieks and respired a more ardent and still more malignant breath. The pilgrim could no longer sustain himself. Faith, courage, devotion, deserted him with his failing energies. He strove no longer with his destiny, he delivered himself up to despair and death. He fell upon one knee with drooping head, supporting himself by one quivering hand, and then, full of the anguish of baffled purposes and lost affections, raising his face and arm to heaven, thus to the elements he poured his passionate farewell.

"O Life once vainly deemed a gloomy toil, I feel thy sweetness now; Farewell, O Life, farewell my high resolves and proud conviction of almighty fame. My days, my short unprofitable days, melt into the past; and death, with which I struggle, horrible death, arrests me in this wilderness. O my sister, could thy voice, thy sweet, sweet voice, but murmur in my ear one single sigh of love; could thine eye with its soft radiance but an instant blend with my dim fading vision, the pang were nothing. Farewell, Miriam! my heart is with thee by thy fountain's side. Fatal blast, bear her my dying words, my blessing. And ye, too, friends, whose too neglected love I think of now, farewell! Farewell, my uncle, farewell pleasant home, and Hamadan's serene and shadowy bowers! Farewell, Jabaster, and the mighty lore of which thou wert the priest and I the pupil! Thy talisman throbs on my faithful heart. Green Earth and golden Sun, and all the beautiful and glorious sights ye fondly lavish on unthinking man, farewell, farewell! I die in the desert, 'tis bitter. No more, oh! never more, for me the hopeful day shall break, and its fresh breeze rise

on its cheering wings of health and joy. Heaven and earth, water and air, my chosen country, and my antique creed, farewell, farewell! And thou, too, City of my soul, I cannot name thee, unseen Jerusalem—"

Amid the roar of the wind, the bosom of the earth heaved and opened, swift columns of sand sprang up to the lurid sky, and hurried towards their victim. With the clang of universal chaos, impenetrable darkness descended on the desert.

[The transition from the desert to a fruitful country is thus beautifully depicted.]

Banks of the Euphrates.

The desert ceased, the caravan entered upon a vast but fruitful plain. In the extreme distance might be detected a long undulating line of palm trees. The van guard gave a shout, shook their tall lances in the air, and rattled their scimitars in rude chorus against their small round iron shields. All eyes sparkled, all hands were raised, all voices sounded, save those that were breathless from overpowering joy. After months wandering in the sultry wilderness they beheld the great Euphrates.

Broad, and fresh, and magnificent, and serene, the mighty waters rolled through the beautiful and fertile earth. A vital breeze rose from their bosom. Every being responded to their genial influence. The sick were cured, the desponding became sanguine, the healthy and light-hearted broke into shouts of laughter, jumped from their camels, and embraced the fragrant earth, or wild in their renovated strength, galloped over the plain, and threw their wanton jerreeds in the air, as if to show their suffering and labour had not deprived them of that skill and strength, without which it were vain again to enter the haunts of their less adventurous brethren.

The caravan halted on the banks of the broad river glowing in the cool sunset. The camp was pitched, the plain glittered with tents. The camels falling on their knees, crouched in groups, the merchandise piled up in masses by their sides. The unharnessed horses rushed neighing about the plain, tossing their glad heads, and rolling in the unaccustomed pasture. Spreading their mats, and kneeling towards Mecca, the pilgrims performed their evening orisons. Never was thanksgiving more sincere. They arose; some rushed into the river, some lighted lamps, some pounded coffee. Troops of smiling villagers arrived with fresh provisions eager to prey upon such light hearts and heavy purses. It was one of those occasions when the accustomed gravity of the Orient disappears. Long through the night the sounds of music and the shouts of laughter were heard on the banks of that starry river, long through the night you might have listened with enchantment to the wild tales

of the storer, or gazed with fascination on the wilder gestures of the dancing girls.

[The approach to Jerusalem, and the seizure of the Sceptre of Solomon, are finely told:]

Approach to Jerusalem.

A scorching sun, a blue and burning sky, on every side lofty ranges of black and barren mountains, dark ravines, deep caverns, unfathomable gorges!

A solitary being moved in the distance. Faint and toiling, a pilgrim slowly clambered up the steep and stony track.

The sultry hours moved on, the pilgrim at length gained the summit of the mountain, a small and rugged table land strewn with huge masses of loose and heated rock. All around was desolation: no spring, no herbage; the bird and the insect were alike mute. Yet still it was the summit: no loftier peaks frowned in the distance; the pilgrim stopped, and breathed with more facility, and a faint smile played over his worn and solemn countenance.

He rested a few minutes, he took from his wallet some locusts and wild honey, and a small skin of water. His meal was short as well as simple. An ardent desire to reach his place of destination before night-fall urged him to proceed. He soon passed over the table-land, and commenced the descent of the mountain. A straggling olive tree occasionally appeared, and then a group, and soon the groups swell into a grove. His way wound through the grateful and unaccustomed shade. He emerged from the grove, and found that he had proceeded down more than half the side of the mountain. It ended precipitously in a very dark and narrow ravine, formed on the other side by an opposite mountain, the lofty steep of which was crested by a city gently rising on a very gradual slope.

Nothing could be conceived more barren, wild, and terrible, than the surrounding scenery, unilluminated by a single trace of culture. The city stood like the last gladiator in an amphitheatre of desolation.

It was surrounded by a lofty turreted wall, of an architecture to which the pilgrim was unaccustomed: gates with drawbridge and portcullis, square towers, and loop-holes for the archer. Sentinels, clothed in steel, and shining in the sunset, paced, at regular intervals, the cautious wall, and on a lofty tower a standard waved, a snowy standard, with a red, red cross!

The Prince of the Captivity at length beheld the lost capital of his fathers.

The Holy City.

The trumpet was sounding to close the gates, as Aloy passed the Sion entrance. The temptation was irresistible. He rushed

out, and without had th was f had se had th Jehos

He some t dred d the si tions gather exhaus scanty silver-housel the a tomba Olivet enter sage i side w one w Prince wearie

[He directed ed in

In Olivet of Ge by the natur colum earthl ral or hand blatur they Afrite

It showe ley, s moun entrat

It after h he wa Genth and s then

The vance head crowd ed hi and in an ar

The gradu line w lit sce

out, and ran for more than one hundred yards without looking back, and when he did, he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that he was fairly shut out for the night. The sun had set, still the Mount of Olives was flushed with the reflection of his dying beams, but Jehosaphat at its feet was in deep shadow.

He wandered among the mountains for some time, beholding Jerusalem from a hundred different points of view, and watching the single planets and clustering constellations that gradually burst into beauty or gathered into light. At length, somewhat exhausted, he descended into the vale. The scanty rill of Siloah looked like a thread of silver winding in the moonlight. Some houseless wretches were slumbering under the arch of its fountain. Several isolated tombs of considerable size rose at the base of Olivet, and into the largest of these Alroy entered. He entered through a narrow passage into a small square chamber. On each side was an empty sarcophagus of granite, one with its lid broken. Between these the Prince of the Captivity laid his robe, and, wearied by his ramble, soon soundly slept.

[He met two spirits in the tomb, who directed him to the temple, whither he started in the morning on the]

Pilgrimage for the Sceptre.

In the range of mountains that lead from Olivet to the river Jordan is the great cavern of Gentesma, a mighty excavation formed by the combined and immemorial work of nature and of art. For on the high basaltic columns are cut strange characters and unearthly forms, and in many places the natural ornaments have been completed by the hand of the sculptor into symmetrical entablatures and fanciful capitals. The work, they say, of captive Dives and conquered Afrites, for the great king.

It was midnight; the cold, full moon showered its brilliancy upon this narrow valley, shut in on all sides by black and barren mountains. A single being stood at the entrance of the cave.

It was Alroy. Desperate and determined, after listening to the two spirits in the tomb, he was resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Gentesma. He took from his girdle a flint and steel, with which he lighted a torch and then he entered.

The cavern narrowed as he cautiously advanced, and soon he found himself at the head of an evidently artificial gallery. A crowd of bats rushed forward and extinguished his torch. He leant down to relight it, and in so doing observed that he trod upon an artificial pavement.

The gallery was of great extent, with a gradual declination. Being in a straight line with the mouth of the cavern, the moonlit scene was long visible, but Alroy on look-

ing round now perceived that the exterior was shut out by the eminence that he had left behind him. The sides of the gallery were covered with strange and sculptured forms.

The Prince of the Captivity proceeded along this gallery for nearly two hours. A distant murmur of falling water, which might have been distinguished nearly from the first, increased in sound as he advanced, and now, from the loud roar and dash at hand, he felt that he was on the brink of some cataract. It was very dark. His heart trembled. He felt his footing ere he ventured to advance. The spray suddenly leaped forward, and extinguished his torch. His imminent danger filled him with terror, and he receded some paces, but in vain endeavoured to re-illumine his torch, which was soaked with the water.

His courage deserted him. Energy and exertion seemed hopeless. He was about to deliver himself up to despair, when an expanding lustre attracted his attention in the opposing gloom.

A small and bright red cloud seemed sailing towards him. It opened, discharged from its bosom a silvery star, and dissolved again into darkness. But the star remained, the silvery star, and threw a long line of tremulous light upon the vast and raging rapid, which now, fleet and foaming, revealed itself on all sides to the eye of Alroy.

The beautiful interposition in his favour re-animated the adventurous pilgrim. A dark shadow in the fore-ground, breaking the line of light shed by the star upon the waters, attracted his attention. He advanced, regained his former footing, and more nearly examined it. It was a boat, and in the boat, mute and immovable, sat one of those vast, singular, and hideous forms, which he had observed sculptured on the walls of the gallery.

David Alroy, committing his fortunes to the God of Israel, leapt into the boat.

[He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, and soon gained the summit of the mountain.]

View of Jerusalem.

To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly-marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet was Jehosaphat, Kedron, Siloah: he stood upon Olivet; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates

and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine.

The Temple and Sceptre of Solomon.

And in the front a mighty Temple rose, with inspiration in its very form, a Temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence!

"God of my fathers!" said Alroy, "I am a poor, weak thing, and my life has been a life of dreams and visions, and I have sometimes thought my brain lacked a sufficient master—where am I? Do I sleep or live? Am I a slumberer or a ghost? This trial is too much." He sank down, and hid his face in his hands: his over-exerted mind appeared to desert him: he wept hysterically.

Many minutes elapsed before Alroy grew composed. His wild bursts of weeping sank into sobs, and the sobs died off into sighs. And at length, calm from exhaustion, he again looked up, and lo! the glorious city was no more! Before him was a moon-lit plain, over which the avenue of lions still advanced, and appeared to terminate only in the mountainous distance.

This limit, the Prince of the Captivity at length reached, and stood before a stupendous portal, cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal Caryatides. Upon the portal were engraven some Hebrew characters, which, upon examination, proved to be the same as those upon the talisman of Jabbaster. And so taking from his bosom that all-precious and long-cherished deposit, David Alroy, in obedience to his instructions, pressed the signet against the gigantic portal.

The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings, and as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, "All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother King. Thy crown awaits thee!"

The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had a little recovered himself, and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were re-seated: and, from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at

each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced.

And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword, and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch, in spite of his dis-crowned head.

And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and Time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the King was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love, and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And further on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne—one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre.

And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step.

The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention, or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things, but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy.

Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires, and all his labours. But he thought of his country, his people, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor.

And as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight!

[The sceptre obtained, Alroy commences a splendid career of conquests. The following portion of a scene from one of them exhibits

the per-
conceal-
Hama-

And
armed
the cit-
every c-
sion, f-
behind
started
weapon-
univers-
about
of foot-
panies
fought
be the
impos-
They
gaining
they r-
with
a coun-
which
rection
blend-
the cl-
sound

"I
him,
Hass-
comra-
here I
Th
the o-
Hebr-
"S
ber A-
wavin-
"T
the th-
"Y
Jaba-
"A
ter.
hand-
"A
ed H-
"
"A
sand-
"
so?
Turk-
"
"
"
"
"
"
"
T
Selju-
but

the personal courage of the hero. His forces concealing themselves in the ruined city of Hamadan, entrap the Seljuks there.]

Combat of Alroy with a Seljuk.

And now, as it were by enchantment, wild armed men seemed to arise from every part of the city. From every mass of ruin, from every crumbling temple and mouldering mansion, from every catacomb and cellar, from behind every column and every obelisk, up-started some desperate warrior with a bloody weapon. The massacre of the Seljuks was universal. The horsemen dashed wildly about the ruined streets, pursued by crowds of footmen; sometimes formed in small companies, the Seljuks frequently charged and fought desperately; but however stout might be their resistance to the open foe, it was impossible to withstand their secret enemies. They had no place of refuge, no power of gaining even a moment's breathing time. If they retreated to a wall, it instantly bristled with spears; if they endeavoured to form in a court, they sank under the falling masses which were showered upon them from all directions. Strange shouts of denunciation blended with the harsh crying of horns, and the clang and clash of cymbals and tambours sounded in every quarter of the city.

"If we could only mount the walls, Ibrahim, and leap into the desert," exclaimed Hassan Subah to one of his few remaining comrades, "tis our only chance. We die here like dogs! Could I but meet Alroy!"

Three of the Seljuks dashed swiftly across the open ground in front, followed by several Hebrew horsemen.

"Smite all, Abner. Spare none, remember Amalek," exclaimed their youthful leader, waving his bloody scimitar.

"They are down,—one, two,—there goes the third. My javelin has done for him."

"Your horse bleeds freely. Where's Jabaster?"

"At the gates: my arm aches with slaughter. The Lord hath delivered them into our hands. Could I but meet their chieftain!"

"Turn, blood-hound, he is here," exclaimed Hassan Subah.

"Away, Abner, this affair is mine."

"Prince, you have already slain your thousands."

"And Abner his tens of thousands. Is it so? This business is for me only. Come on, Turk."

"Art thou Alroy?"

"The same."

"The slayer of Alschirotch?"

"Even so."

"A rebel and a murderer."

"What you please. Look to yourself."

The Hebrew Prince flung a javelin at the Seljuk. It glanced from the breastplate; but Hassan Subah staggered in his seat.

Recovering, he charged Alroy with great force. Their scimitars crossed, and the blade of Hassan shivered.

He who sold me that blade, told me it was charmed, and could be broken only by a Caliph," said Hassan Subah. "He was a liar!"

"As it may be," said Alroy, and he cut the Seljuk to the ground. Abner had dispersed his comrades. Alroy leaped from his fainting steed, and mounting the ebony courser of his late enemy, dashed again into the thickest of the fight.

The shades of night descended, the clamour gradually decreased, the struggle died away. A few unhappy Moslem, who had quitted their saddles and sought concealment among the ruins, were occasionally hunted out, and brought forward and massacred. Long ere midnight the last of the Seljuks had expired.

The moon shed a broad light upon the street of palaces crowded with the accumulated slain, and the living victors. Fires were lit, torches illumined, the conquerors prepared the eager meal as they sang hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

A procession approached. Esther, the prophetess, clashing her cymbals, danced before the Messiah of Israel, who leant upon his victorious scimitar, surrounded by Jabaster, Abner, Scherirah, and his chosen chieftains. Who could now doubt the validity of his mission? The wide and silent desert rang with the acclamations of his enthusiastic votaries.

Death of Alroy.

[Alroy next becomes captivated by a Mussulman princess, who binds his heart more strongly than the Kourds did his limbs. He marries, and offends the most powerful of his followers. Treachery is hatching in the court and camp; they conspire against Alroy, he is defeated, flees to the desert, with his princess, is overtaken, and condemned to torture and death. He escapes the former; but "the King of Karasme, the most famous master of the sabre in Asia, drew his blade like lightning from its sheath, and carried off the head of Alroy at a stroke. It fell, and as it fell, derision seemed to play upon the dying features of the hero, and to ask of his enemies, 'Where now were all their tortures?'"

[Thus ends the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, part of the third volume being occupied with another story.]

THE CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1833,

Is an earnest of the success of the preceding or first volume. We congratulate the editor and publisher, and the public too, on this success; for it was high time that a Register of the year should be purchaseable for less

than eighteen shillings, which, we believe, was not the case till this Cabinet Series was commenced; and, to say the truth, we have always been disappointed in those lumbering tenants of library shelves—Annual Registers, and what are called *New Annual Registers*, though we think the novelty of the latter consists in being as much like their predecessors as type, and uneconomical arrangement allow. Now, the Cabinet Register is sold at half the price of the old "New" Register, and is moreover compiled with due regard to the ejectionment of useless circumlocution. Two persons will scarcely be expected to agree in their ideas of perfection in such a work as the present: what one would consider important, another would reject as trifling; but we do not hesitate to say that so cheap and conscientious a book as that before us, has seldom been submitted to the public; for the purchaser of books should remember that large type, and paper, and discursive reading are not the elements of cheap publications; but small type, and materials as compactly arranged. The present has some important improvements on the volume of last year, and therefore is still more entitled to public patronage.

Anecdote Gallery.

TABLE-TALK OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.
(From an amusing article on his *Works and Life*, in
Tait's Magazine.)

As a specimen of Mr. Hall's ordinary vivacious conversation, we might refer to his *talk* on the flat scenery of Cambridgeshire, which seemed to lie like a load on his heart and his eyes. Even on his latest visit to that county, shortly before his death, the impression was not deadened. A friend, in a morning drive, showed him all the new improvements, &c. "True," he replied; "but there is still an odious flatness, and an insipid sameness of scenery all around;" and he added more seriously—"I always say of my Cambridge friends, when I witness their contentedness in such a country, 'Herein is the faith and patience of the saints.' My faith and patience could not sustain me under it, with the unvarying kindness of my friends in addition."

Somewhere or other, we have seen Mr. Hall's description of this dreary monotony,—where, in words more pithy and picturesque than we can remember, he speaks of the scanty and stunted vegetation of the flats, as of "Nature putting forth flags of distress." One of his first conversations with Dr. Gregory was upon this subject; and, as it gives a lively idea of his rapid, impetuous manner, we copy part of it. "What do you think of Cambridge, sir?" said Mr. Hall. "It is a very interesting place." "Yes; the place

where Bacon, and Barrow, and Newton studied, and where Jeremy Taylor was born, cannot but be *interesting*. But that is not what I mean;—what do you say of the scenery, sir?—what do you think of the surrounding country? Does it not strike you as very insipid?" "No; not precisely so." "Ay, ay, I had forgotten, you came from a flat country; yet you *must* love hills; there are no hills here." Young Gregory replied, "there were Madingley Hill, and the Castle Hill, and Gog Magog Hill;" which amused Mr. Hall exceedingly. He took these *mountains* to pieces in a few words, and went on, "Before I came to Cambridge, I had read in the prize poems, and some other works of fancy, of 'the banks of the Cam,' of 'the sweetly flowing stream,' and so on; but when I arrived, I was sadly disappointed. When I first saw the river as I passed over the King's College Bridge, I could not help exclaiming, Why the stream is standing still to see the people drown themselves!—and that, I am sorry to say, is a permanent feeling with me. Shocking place for the spirits, sir! I wish you may not find it so. It must be the very focus of suicides. Where you ever at Bristol, sir? There is scenery—scenery worth looking upon, and worth thinking of; and so there is even at Aberdeen, with all its surrounding barrenness. The trees on the banks of the Don are as fine as those on the Cam; and the river is *alive*, sir—it falls over precipices, and foams and dashes, so as to invigorate and inspire those who witness it. The Don is a river, sir, and the Severn is a river; but not even a poet would so designate the *Cam*, unless, by very obvious figure, he termed it the *sleeping river*."

We have already said that the fragments of Mr. Hall's conversation, scattered through his works and life, give us a better and higher idea of the man, moral and intellectual, than the accounts of his friends. He was, indeed, a brilliant and powerful *talker*; combining the strength of Johnson, with a vigour of imagination peculiar to himself. The few scattered sentences we have still to give show something both of his mind and his manner. Some one remarked, in his hearing, that compliments are pleasing truths, and flatteries *pleasing* untruths. "Neither," said Hall, "are pleasing to a man of reflection; for the falsehoods in this case so nearly assume the semblance of truth, that one is perplexed to tell which is actually given; and no man is pleased with perplexity." Of compliments, he also often said, "Two and two do not make four, and twenty and twenty fall far short of forty; deal not, then, in that deceitful arithmetic."

Mr. Balmer, a friend of Halls, says, "It was interesting and amusing to observe how Mr. Hall's exquisite sensibility to literary beauty, intermingled with, and qualified the

operation
as a C
recoll
one. W
Magee,
I quote
ciples,
publish
Roman
religion
without
have l
Hall w
sir," h
have n
long ti
mire it
truth?
and cle
to conf
stone f
On
clever
clever
he laid
brain
occasio
preach
cency
miratio
sessed
early l
"Yes,
your d
you sa
was th
the ve
In
the fo
"I aj
and, I
lical
essays
was a
attem
brous
puny
the w
In sp
"He
thoug
But
versat
point
the in
To a
becom
tent t
Mr. E
brand
rage,
name,
please
name
water.

operations of his principles and learning, both as a Christian and a Dissenter. Of this I recollect various instances, but shall give only one. While conversing respecting Archbishop Magee, his talents, sentiments, conduct, &c., I quoted, as a proof of his high church principles, a remark from a charge then newly published; it was to this effect: That the Roman Catholics have a church without a religion; the Dissenters have a religion without a church; but the Establishment have both a church and a religion. Mr. Hall was struck with the remark.—“That, sir,” he exclaimed, “is a beautiful saying. I have not heard so fine an observation for a long time; it is admirable, sir.” “You admire it, I presume, for its point—not its truth?” “I admire it, sir, for its *plausibility* and cleverness; it is false, and yet it seems to contain a mass of truth; it is an excellent stone for a Churchman to pelt with.”

On being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man, Hall said, “He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move.” Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon. Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, “Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, sir.” “I am rejoiced to hear you say so,—which was it?” “Why, sir, it was the *passage from the pulpit into the vestry.*”

In confessing that he had been led into the folly of imitating Dr. Johnson, he said, “I aped Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was a youthful folly, and it was a very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbersome costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of the words in which I tried to clothe them.” In speaking of Johnson himself, he said, “He shone strongly on the angles of a thought.”

But Mr. Hall had a higher style of conversation, in which fancy, playfulness, and point were laid aside, or made subservient to the inculcation of some great moral lesson. To a clergyman who, from evil habit, had become fond of brandy and water, to an extent that involved his character and his peace, Mr. Hall, by a premeditated effort, when the brandy-bibber asked for the favourite beverage, replied, “Call things by their right name, and you shall have as much as you please.” “Why! don’t I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.” “That is the current, but not the

appropriate name; ask for a glass of *liquid fire* and *distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon.” The poor man became pale, and seemed struggling with anger. “But,” says Hall, knowing I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said, “Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart;” and from that time he ceased to take *brandy and water*. To a lady who told that she had put on her nightcap, and laid down with her little girl, to get her to sleep, pretending she was to sleep with her, Mr. Hall said, “Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?” When the lady protested not; “Then bear with me while I say, never act a lie before her;—children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken.” And this was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence.

The Gatherer.

Chalk Scores.—Of the characters of a milkmaid’s score few are ignorant; they are simple and innocent as the administered fluid they record; they sometimes amount “to several shillings,” it is true; but they are not typical of any moral offence, any contemptible evasion, any clear act of bankruptcy. Such, however, is not the case with a dustman’s scroll, when collecting his legal and “of right payable” Christmas boxes from the inhabitants of “his round:—” when understood they amount to a serious imputation. “Pray,” said a gentleman, one of our neighbours, a few weeks ago, to a collecting dustman, “pray, why do you chalk the doorposts on the other side of the way? I have seen you do so every Christmas, for the last ten years. What does it all mean?” “Vy, sir,” replied the dustmen, “as you’ve been liberal with your shilling and two or three loose half-pence, I doesn’t mind if I tells you. That’s how ve keeps our accounts. Vot dustman, as *is* a dustman, and nothing else, not at no price, could tell how the cat jumped at all the houses, if it vorn’t for chork (chalk)? by vich, ven we comes round again, ve knows vot’s been said afore, you see.” “That’s capital, but pray enlighten me a little, (here’s another shilling):—What do you mean by an upright line?” “Vy, that’s ven ve calls and *they ar’n’t at home.*” “Very well: and then you sometimes draw a horizontal line about the centre of the perpendicular.” “Oh! you mean perhaps, a chivey right athirt the t’other, so as to form a cross.” “Exactly so.” “Vy that signifies that we’ve called twice, and *they won’t be at home.*” “Good: but then again, occasionally you draw a circle round the cross.” “That, your honour, means that, if so be, and no

vise daunted, we've knocked again, they've giv'n us NOTHING, with *sauce* to make it pleasant."—*Monthly Magazine*.

London Architecture.—Our architects possess every thing but taste, genius, invention, and common sense. They are classical, composite, and comical beyond endurance. Their style is imposing; but they give us no comforts. If permitted to go on with impunity, they will change the character of the English. We shall cease to be a domestic people. A modern house is a structure of bare walls, ornamented and divided into compartments: it contains no family parlour; no social snuggerly; no cupboards! A man who lives in it is to be pitied—he is without a home. The stairs creak beneath his feet—the floor of his drawing-room shrieks with agony as he steps across it; and the party-wall appropriately cracks when he sees a few friends.—*Monthly Magazine*.

Curran.—The most severe retort Mr. Curran ever experienced was from Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament (who, a gentleman, and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder). In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up, and warmly exclaimed, "I would have the baronet to know, that I am the guardian of my own honour." Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, "Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been speaking all night on the wrong side of the question."

The town-piper of Falkirk, it is said, was sentenced to be hanged for horse stealing: on the night before his execution, he obtained, as an indulgence, the company of some of his brother pipers; and as the liquor was abundant, and their instruments in tune, the music and fun grew fast and furious. The execution was to be at eight o'clock, and the poor piper was recalled to a sense of his situation by morning light dawning on his window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, "Oh, but this weariful hanging rings in my lug like a new tune."—*Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*.

Mutual Good Wishes.—A priest remarking, near an army, a troop of volunteers who were going in search of booty, accosted their chief in these words, "God give you peace!" But the commander, who was not very well pleased with the wish, immediately retorted, "God take away purgatory from you."

Church Livery.—One Sunday, as Roger Cox, Dean Swift's clerk, was going to church, his scarlet waistcoat caught Swift's eye; Roger bowed, and observed, that he wore scarlet because he belonged to the church militant.

The Flying Proa is the name of a vessel used in the south seas, on account of the swiftness with which it sails, being, with a brisk, trade wind, nearly twenty miles an hour. It generally carries six or seven Indians. It is described in Anson's Voyage, where there is also a drawing of a proa.

P. T. W.

Epitaphs.—In Sleaford churchyard, on Henry Fox, a weaver:

Of tender threads this mortal web is made,
The woof and warp, and colours early fade;
When pow'r divine awakes the sleeping dust,
He gives immortal garments to the just.

On the south side of Sleaford Church, sculptured in the cornice of the water-table, is the following inscription:

Here lyeth William Harebeter, and Elyzabeth, his Wife,
Cryest thou graunte yem everlasting lyfe.

It is noticed in Gough's great work on Sepulchral Monuments, where, speaking of inscriptions cut on the ledges of stones, or raising them in high relief, he says, "Of this kind on public buildings, I know not a finer sample than in the water-table on the south side of Sleaford Church."

On a tablet in Quarrington Church, to the memory of Thomas Bouchier, dated 1635:

The paterne of conjugale love, the rare

Mirroure of father's care;

Candid to all, his ev'ry action penn'd

The copy of a friend,

His last words bet, a glorious eve (they say)

Foretells a glorious day.

Erected and compos'd with tears by his pensive
souse, James Bouchier.

On a monument in Rauceby Church is the following inscription:

Near this place are interred the Wives of Richard Jeasap; viz.—Alice, on Sept. 27, 1716, aged 25, and Joanna, on Aug. 31, 1730, aged 29.

How soon ye objects of my love

By death were snatcht from me;

Two loving matrons they did prove,

No better could there be.

One child the first left to my care,

The other left me three.

Joanna was beyond compare,

A Phoenix rare was she;

Heaven thought her sure too good to stay

A longer time on earth.

In childbed therefore as she lay,

To God resign'd her breath.

This day is published, with a Portrait of the late Baron Cuvier, and 40 Engravings, price 5s. cloth,

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART;

or, An Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy; abridged from the Scientific Journals of the year 1839. Sixth year.

"This work may be considered as an Encyclopedia, to which the most eminent of their time are constantly contributing."—*New Monthly Magazine*,—notice of Arcana of Science for 1839.

Printed for JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.